

## Selected Story.

## TWO WILLS.

Dr. Brown had returned home late from a visit to one of his patients. It was a serious case—doubly so for Brown—for not only had his notoriously sure diagnosis failed him in this case, but the patient was one of a family with which he had been on an intimate footing for years, and consequently his personal interest was awakened. The doctor saw no hope whatever for the sick woman. Since early morning he had hourly expected her death. Weary and dispirited, after a light and hasty supper, he sat down at his writing-table, and once more passed in review the whole course of his patient's illness. Every circumstance was recalled.

"Unaccountable! perfectly unaccountable!" he murmured over and over again, and, with each repetition, he shook his head.

"Doctor!" Brown started up in alarm. He had not dreamed that any one beside himself was in the room. As he looked up, he saw a lady standing by the door, dressed in a peculiar night-robe with only a shawl thrown over it.

"My God! What is that?"

It was indeed the subject of his thoughts. Amazed beyond expression, Brown sprang from his arm-chair and hastened toward the intruder.

"My dear madam! Mrs. Morley, in heaven's name, why are you here?"

"Never mind, doctor. Sit down and write what I tell you."

Brown mechanically obeyed the command. There was something in the look and bearing of his visitor which forbade contradiction. Strangely thrilled, Brown took up his pen and wrote at her dictation the following words: "I hereby direct that, in case of my death, my body be opened, and the cause of my illness and final demise be officially and authoritatively stated by a competent physician. I am convinced that I am poisoned, and that by my own husband, and only through such a statement as aforesaid will it be put out of his power to get possession of the property coming to my only child, his step-daughter. My will relating to this property is in the hands of my lawyer, Mr. Batt, in London. Mr. Batt is, as I have unfortunately only lately discovered, a man open to bribery, and my husband counts upon this characteristic for the attainment of his object: that is to say, he hopes to induce this lawyer, by pure falsification, to make the will read in his favor. I believe he has already succeeded in doing this, for when, yesterday, I desired to see a lawyer of this town, in order to have him take down my last wishes, my husband put every obstacle in the way of his coming. I have put a sealed copy of my will in the double bottom of the little box which stands upon the table at my bedside. The ostensible contents of the box are my daughter's first cap and a lock of my father's hair."

Dr. Brown had driven his pen as if under the domination of a higher power. He was not conscious of having once lifted it from the paper to the inkstand, and yet there stood the written characters, black and clear, upon white paper and reminded him that he was not alone; furthermore, that the head and heart whose wish and request these characters recorded, belonging to an existence which held his own being, thought, and will in its power.

He made an heroic effort to regain the mastery of himself, and with a powerful shake, as if to free himself from the grasp of this strange will, he arose. "Madam, I—"

"Yes, but, doctor, the master sent me to tell you to come right away. Mrs. Morley has been lying for two hours like dead, and the master thinks it must be nearly over with her."

Brown staggered back in amazement, and stared so vacantly at the waiting coachman that the man was struck dumb.

"Jan? Where did you come from? Mrs. Morley is not yet—"

"Dead? No, doctor, not yet, but the master says she can't last much longer."

"Very well. You see to the horses, and I'll come right away."

Dr. Brown put his hands to head. He had need to convince himself by some means of his own mortal existence. Then he seized his hat and coat and hurried after the coachman.

Drawing his coat tightly about him, he leaned back in the corner of the carriage and racked his brain over the strange occurrence, but to no purpose. The doctor was a hard-headed, practical man, and if any one had related to him the events of the past day, he would have laughed him to scorn; but, earnestly as he tried to do so now, it was impossible for him to conjure up a smile.

The carriage stopped and Mr. Morley was at the door to receive him.

"I am glad you have come, doctor. I was afraid you would be too late. As the clock struck twelve, there was absolutely no breath nor pulse, and not until half-an-hour ago did she seem to come back a little to life. She has just asked for you."

These words were spoken outside the sick-room door. The doctor laid aside his coat and went in, followed by Mr. Morley. The physician felt something like horror at being in the near presence of this man, who since half-an-hour ago had figured in his mind as the murderer of his wife; and here in the sick-room while looking upon the dying woman, in whose features he again saw plainly his recent guest, even here, did he feel again that compelling force which

had put the pen in his hand at home. The sick woman seemed to have been anxiously awaiting his coming, for her great, earnest eyes fastened themselves upon him, as he entered the room, and as he bent over her, he heard distinctly the low, whispered words: "Doctor, my child!" and in the same low whisper Dr. Brown replied: "I will see that your will is executed."

Then he raised his head and encountered a look from those eyes which spoke a world of gratitude; and this was the last conscious look which lighted them, for Mr. Morley softly approached, she looked wondrously at him, and then her eyelids closed, her muscles relaxed, and with a gentle sigh her heart ceased to beat.

"All is over," said the doctor, as he stepped back to give place to the mourning husband, who threw himself down beside his wife.

When he arose and turned toward the doctor, a tear glittered on his lashes. His voice was hoarse and tremulous when he thanked the physician for all the pains which he had taken during the long illness of his wife, concluding with, "I shall never forget it."

Dr. Brown only shook his head. He was thinking of the dead woman's will, and answered evasively: "I could not have helped your wife much, since I never discovered the real cause of her illness."

"No self-reproaches, doctor! You did what you could, and whether this disease can be exactly diagnosed seems to me, from what I know of it, altogether doubtful."

"Every disease," replied the doctor, "must finally disclose its cause to the patient and thorough investigator; but in this case there were so many accompanying phenomena that it was quite impossible to discover the exact cause of the predominant disorder, at least in the living body."

The doctor, as he said this, looked sharply at his companion, over whose countenance a slight cloud seemed to pass; yet there was scarcely any discernible change in his voice as he replied: "No, no, doctor, we won't do that! The beloved body was sufficiently tormented in life; in death at least it shall be at rest!"

"Yes, but it was the wish of the dead; and isn't there any direction to that effect in the will?"

"No!—yet perhaps—I don't know. Anyway the will is to be read tomorrow, and should any such direction be found there—well, I suppose I shall have to carry it out. I will send immediately an announcement of the death to our attorney, Mr. Batt of London. You will be present at the opening of the will, will you not?"

"Most certainly!"

The doctor during this conversation had again approached the bed of death. He carefully scrutinized the surroundings and, as if in an absent-minded manner, picked up a little box from the table which stood beside the bed and carelessly pushed back the cover. At sight of the contents he could hardly restrain an exclamation; for there, exactly as had been described to him, were a baby's cap, yellow with time, and a lock of hair, tied with a ribbon.

"Probably some of your wife's keepsakes?" he remarked, turning inquiringly to Morley.

"Yes, and as such they must be given into the hands of her daughter."

"Will you allow me the pleasure of sending them to her by my sister who is going to Switzerland to-morrow?"

"I suppose it would be more proper that she should receive them at my hands; and yet, as I shall have to remain here for some time yet, a journey home in her delicate state of health would be hard for the child. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will send them to her. Give her my blessing with them, and tell her that from this time forth I shall be more a father to her than ever."

Dr. Brown thrust the little box deep into his breast-pocket, and took his leave with the assurance that he would faithfully execute Mr. Morley's commission.

Once at home under the light of the lamp, he was not long in searching for the further contents of the box, and he was filled with both horror and astonishment as his search brought to light, from beneath a cunningly-concealed double floor, the will as it had been described to him—a clear, correct copy. After this discovery, the doctor awaited with feverish anxiety the hour for the announced opening of the will.

At last it arrived, and Brown had to acknowledge to himself that its contents agreed exactly with copy in his hands until it came to the names of the heirs. Here appeared clearly and plainly, "my daughter, Mara Dix;" and there, just as plainly, "my husband, John Morley." No directions with regard to an inquest or autopsy appeared therein.

"I demand proof of the genuineness of that will!" rang clear and loud through the room. No one could imagine from whom the words proceeded. The will had been drawn up and carefully preserved by a prominent attorney in London, and the family involved was one of the first in the county; and now came this demand, which, as everybody knew, was an unmitigated insult.

Who had brought it forward? The chairman looked all about the room. There he stood—Dr. Brown! He had again, quite unconsciously, come under the spell of that mysterious power, and in obedience to its behest had called out these words; now that they were spoken, he would not recall them. Standing upright, the doctor repeated: "I demand an examination of the will!" As he spoke,

he had the comfortable feeling of having kept a promise.

"By what authority?" asked the attorney.

"As the guardian of the deceased's daughter."

"Have you anything to offer in support of this request?"

"Yes, a copy of the original will."

"Will?"

"And this has reference to an entirely different party."

"Allow me to look at the document."

Dr. Brown handed over the copy. A committee retired with it to another room. On their return the chairman announced that, in accordance with Dr. Brown's request, a preliminary examination of the will having been made, the judge had decided to enter a complaint against Attorney Batt of London for having falsified the will, and at the same time to place the property of the beirress-at-law under legal protection.

"Dr. Brown, have you anything further to say in the matter?"

"I beg you will order an autopsy."

"On what grounds?"

"It was the wish of the deceased."

"Is that your only reason?"

"No, but because I have a strong suspicion that the deceased came to her death through slow and protracted poisoning."

All present were filled with horror.

Again the court withdrew, and again the decision was a fulfillment of the doctor's request; and when the verdict at the ensuing inquest was brought in, it was expressed in one word: Poison.—[Romance for September.

"Best Liver Pill Made."

Parsons' Pills

Positively cure biliousness and sick headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25 cts.; five \$1. Pamphlets free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

Invented in 1810 by an old Family Physician. It is marvelous how many diseases it will cure.

For more than two years I was afflicted with chronic diarrhoea. I was treated by the best physicians without result. I was urged to try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; as soon as I began to take it I felt better, am now well and strong.

JAMES PENDERGAST, Boston, Maine.

The Doctor's signature and directions on every bottle. Illustrated pamphlets free. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cts.; six bottles \$2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

RIPANS TABULES

REGULATE THE

Stomach, Liver and Bowels

and Purify the Blood.

Ripans Tabules are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief.

Price—50 cents per box. May be ordered through nearest druggists, or by mail. Sample free by mail. Address

The Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York City.

Japanese Pile Cure.

A new and complete treatment, consisting of SUPPOSITORIES, Capsules of Ointment and two boxes of ointment. A never-failing Cure for Piles of every nature and degree. It makes an operation with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which are painful and seldom a permanent cure, and often resulting in death, unnecessary. Why endure this terrible disease? We guarantee 6 boxes to cure any case. You only pay for benefits received. \$1 a box, 6 for \$5. Guarantees issued by our agents.

CONSTIPATION cured. Piles prevented, by Japanese Liver Pellets, the great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and BLOOD PURIFIER. Small, mild and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children's use. 50 doses 25 cents.

GUARANTEES issued only by C. C. BINGHAM, Druggist, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Did You Ever

hear tell of a purchaser wanting to buy an imitation? Why do men who try to sell such articles speak of the act as "working them off?" Simply because people want the best, and it takes work and likewise deception to sell them the worst. This unpleasant experience may befall the housekeeper who determines to

Try Cottolene

the new vegetable shortening. The healthfulness, flavor and economy of this wonderful cooking product has won for it the widest popularity, which in turn has attracted the attention of business parasites who are "working off" imitations and counterfeits. Forewarned is forearmed.

Be sure and get the genuine. Sold in three and five pound pails by all grocers. Made by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK

COMPANY,

Chicago.

224 State St., Boston.

Portland, Me.

BILLS AND CIRCULARS

Executed with Taste and Accuracy at the

Caledonian Office.

SUNBURN  
and other burns are quickly  
eased with

PAIN-  
KILLER.

This famous panacea reduces the inflammation, soothes the irritation, prevents blistering and soreness. When first applied Pain-Killer naturally smarts for a few minutes, then the smart and the inflammation go off together. Take it with you on your outing trips. You can now get double the quantity at the same old price. Sold everywhere. Prepared only by

Perry Davis & Son,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Travellers' Guide.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

PASSUMPSIC DIVISION

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, JULY 2, '94.

Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING SOUTH.

For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston via White River Junction 12.40, and 8.56 a. m., and 9.45 a. m. For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston via Wells River and Plymouth, 1.40 a. m. (daily), 8.56 and 9.45 a. m., 2.33 p. m. Arriving at Boston, 8.02 a. m., 4.55 and 8.30 p. m.

For Bellows Falls, Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven and New York, 12.40, 8.56 and 9.45 a. m.

For Newbury, Bradford, Norwich and White River Junction, 12.40 and 8.56 a. m., and 5.55 p. m.

For Passumpsic, Barnet and McIndoes, 8.56 a. m., and 5.55 p. m.

For Wells River, 12.40, 1.40, 8.56 and 9.45 a. m., 5.55 and 10.15 p. m.

For Montpelier, 9.45 a. m., and 5.55 p. m.

For Littleton, at 8.56 a. m., 2.33 and 5.55 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

For Lyndonville and Newport, 2.22 a. m., 3.15 and 10.45 a. m., 3.11, 4.27 and 8.00 p. m.

For West Burke, Barton and Barton Landing, 3.15 and 10.45 a. m., 4.27 and 8.00 p. m.

For Stanstead and Derby Line, Massawippi, North Hatley, Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, 3.15 and 10.45 a. m., and 8.00 p. m.

For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Grand Trunk Ry., 3.15 a. m., and 8 p. m.

For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Quebec Central Ry., 3.15 a. m., and 8 p. m.

For Montreal via Sherbrooke and Grand Trunk Ry., 3.15 a. m., and 8 p. m.

For Montreal via Newport and Canadian Pacific Ry., 2.22 a. m. (daily), 3.11 p. m. T. A. MacKINNON, H. E. FOLSOM, Gen. Manager. Div. Supt.

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

Through the White Mountains

To Lancaster, Colebrook, North Conway, Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, Bar Harbor and St. John.

On and after July 1, 1894.

Lancaster, 8.15, 12.50, 3.30, 6.40

Jefferson, 8.32, 1.05, 3.47, 6.57

Quebec Jct., 8.45, 1.15, 4.00, 7.10

Whitefield, 9.15, 1.25, 4.10, 5.10, 8.00

St. Johnsbury, 9.30, 1.30, 4.30, 5.20, 8.10

St. Johnsbury, 7.00 a. m., p. m. p. m. p. m.

Whitefield, 8.07, 8.58, 12.55, 4.02, 6.55

Quebec Jct., 8.45, 9.15, 1.25, 4.10, 8.00

Jefferson, 8.57, 9.27, 1.40, 4.20, 8.10

Lancaster, 9.15, 9.45, 1.50, 4.35, 8.25

St. Johnsbury, 2.30 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 2.45 p. m.

No. Conway, 6.30, 10.10, 6.01

Boston, 12.55 p. m., 3.30 p. m.

Portland, 8.20 a. m., 12.15 p. m., 8.10 p. m.

Boston via Portland, 12.55 p. m., 4.15 a. m., 6.00 a. m.

Lewiston, 9.45 a. m., 2.25 p. m., 1.25

Bangor, 3.05 p. m., 4.50, 4.30 a. m.

Bar Harbor, 5.40, 7.15, 7.25

St. John, 6.20 a. m., 1.00 p. m., 1.00 p. m.

Trains arrive at St. Johnsbury from Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Augusta, North Conway and White Mountain resorts 2.45 and 6.30 and 11.59 p. m.

PAYSON TUCKER, V. P. & Gen. Mgr.

F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. & T. A.

ST. JOHNSBURY AND

LAKE CHAMPLAIN R. R.

Summer Arrangement, July 2, 1894.

Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING WEST.

For Danville, Hardwick, Morrisville, Cambridge Junction, Burlington, St. Albans and Rutland 7.55 a. m., and 3.15 p. m.

For Danville, West Danville, Walden, Greensboro, East Hardwick, Hardwick, Morrisville and Hyde Park, 7.35 a. m., 3.15 p. m., and 8.03 p. m.

For Johnson, Cambridge Junction, Burlington, Fletcher, Fairfield, Sheldon, Highgate and Swanton, 7.35 a. m., and 3.15 p. m.

For Montpelier, St. Johnsbury and Montreal via East Swanton, 8.15 p. m.

GOING EAST.

For East St. Johnsbury, North Concord, Miles Pond and Lunenburg, 2.30 and 7 a. m., 2.45 p. m., 4.55 p. m., (mixed) and 8.10 p. m.

For Whitefield, Fabyans, Crawfords, Glen, North Conway, Fryeburg, Portland, Brunswick, Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville, Bangor and St. John, 2.30 and 7 a. m., 2.45 and 11.59 p. m.

For Boston via North Conway, 2.30 a. m. and 7 a. m.

H. E. FOLSOM, Supt. D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

July 2, 1894.

CONCORD & MONTREAL R. R.

Passenger Service

from St. Johnsbury.

For Woodsville, Plymouth, Laconia, Tilton, Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston, 1.40 (ex.), 9.45 a. m., 2.33 (ex.) p. m. Arrive Boston 8.02 a. m., 4.45, 8.35 p. m.

Sundays, 1.40 a. m., arrive Boston 8.02 a. m.

The 1.40 a. m. train (daily) has through passenger and sleeping car.

For St. Johnsbury via Plymouth and Wells River, Leave Boston 9.00 (ex.) a. m., 8.00 (ex.) p. m. Sundays 8.00 p. m.

Leave Lowell 9.45 (ex.) a. m., 8.43 (ex.) p. m. Sundays 8.43 p. m.

Leave Nashua 10.12 (ex.) a. m., 9.07 (ex.) p. m. Sundays 9.07 p. m.

Leave Manchester 10.41 (ex.) a. m., 9.37 (ex.) p. m. Sundays 9.37 p. m.

Leave Concord 11.20 (ex.) a. m., 10.20 (ex.) p. m. Sundays 10.20 p. m.

Arr. St. Johnsbury 3.08 p. m., 2.17 a. m.

The 9.00 a. m. train from Boston week days and the 2.38 a. m. train (daily) have through passenger and sleeping cars.

D. C. PRESCOTT, F. E. BROWN, G. P. A. Gen'l Supt. and Traffic Manager.

CASTORIA  
FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D.,  
New York City.  
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.  
CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, New York.

"For several years I have used 'Castoria' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."